

ACE DARLING'S best ain't good enough!!! JERRY FLYNN does the job for real!!! MARI APACHE doesn't stink!!! FUCK YOU JEFF JONES!!! and other stuff

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW #96!

Our long national nightmare is over, DVDR Foghat is back. Once again, we got some Lucha, we got some

Mixed Martial Arts, we got some Joshie Puroresu, non-Joshie Puroresu, and even some Indy rassling. First

up, "The man who Pogo Pete tastes every time he kisses his girlfriend" Phil Rippa does the Best of Ace

Darling, and some EMLL TV. "The man who has the key to Mrs. Duffy's spiked leather chastity belt", Mike

Naimark does the second part of Universal Vale Tudo Fighting, and "the man who made his fortune with the

hot dog stand in Dean's living room", Phil Schneider takes on ARSION Hyper-Visual fighting. So sit back,

crack open a frosty Mr. Pibb and enjoy.

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The Best of Ace Darling

(The Other Phil)

Ace Darling is probably the most vanilla of the excellent indy wrestlers around today. There is nothing that he does that makes him stand out from the crowd. But he is underappreciated, because he is very solid in the little things like matwork, psychology and selling. So of course if you are mark for things like that then there you go. He definitely has his moments in the ring and will have some great matches. Of course he is not afraid to have some real stinkers. I didn't realize he was worthy of a "Best Of" tape but if Sabu can have 47, Darling can have one. All these matches are from I guessing 1996/97.

Ace Darling vs. Brian Christopher

Hey we're wrestling in a state fair parking lot. WOO-HOO!!! Indy wrestling baby! Jim Cornette is Christopher's manager for the match and because the handheld is right at ringside you can hear everything. So listen as Cornette uses the Henny Youngman joke book as he rips into the fans. A short boring match as Christopher goes into full heel mode with the stalling to boot. He stalls for 5 minutes, hits a superkick for the win and then calls it a night. I have no idea why this match made the tape.

Ace Darling vs. Twiggy Ramirez

The enigma of Twiggy Ramirez, who really stinks a lot and then will have a really good match (ex: the 6-man that Dean butchered in a review in the last DVD). This match is mindnumbingly boring as Ramirez does nothing. He even manages to blow a la magistral. Darling contributes his one high spot - a simple pescatta. The ring announcer announces the time left in the match so you know where this is going. They hit the 15 minute time limit by doing the standard roll-up sequence of near falls. After much filibustering, they go to a 5 minute overtime. Ramirez attacks first and then, I shit you not, slaps on a chinlock for half of the overtime. Yeah, Ramirez really is winning me over in this match. As the seconds slip away, Darling hits a small package to win with 4 seconds left. Hey we are now 0-for-2 on this tape.

Ace Darling vs. Reckless Youth

Okay here we go. Youth is great and I know Darling and him have worked together a few times. We start off with a feeling out process. They exchange armdrags, monkey flips, headlocks, kip ups, etc. Youth gets the early advantage with a headscissor takedown and a sweet Quebrada. He also, thankfully, doesn't sing Row, Row, Row Your Boat. By the way, it should be noted that Youth has two seconds with him. I don't recognize either one of them but they will annoy me the entire match. Darling gets back in control by hitting his passable rana. It is the same slow rana that he hits in every match. Along with the pescatta. Oh well. At least he does something. Unlike some other wrestlers. Eventually, this gets becomes all screwy, as the NWA rears its ugly head. The ref gets bumped. Darling fights the seconds. Youth hits a downward spiral and wins the NWA North American Heavyweight Championship. Yeah, screwjobs. That sure leaves a bad taste in your mouth.

Ace Darling vs. Inferno Kid vs Devon Storm

I look at the other two opponents in this match and I'm thinking this is going to truly be horrible. I hate the Inferno Kid. Never will like him. Stupid push during the 1998 Super 8 had a lot to do with it. Devon Storm is not one of my favorites either as he is not afraid to mail it in at times. But his performance at this year's Super 8, allows me to cut him some slack. Plus, since Storm and Darling are normally tag partners (the Extremists) they can work with each other. So imagine my surprise that this match ruled. Donnie B does commentary and points out that every wrestling move EVER was invented by Super Nova. Hey, you learn something new everyday. So Misawa stole the Misawa Driver from Devon Storm and everything else was taken from Super Nova. Wow, simply amazing. Anyway, they work the three way where two guys start and then the third joins in after 5 minutes. Kid and Darling start and you can tell they are just killing time until Storm joins the fray. Kid

does manage to sneak in the most business exposing leg drops this side of Hulk Hogan. When Storm hits the ring it gets good as he enters with a Quebrada on Kid and then takes Darling and powerbombs him onto Kid. He then kills himself as he takes a Jerry bump a half a minute later. Oh, I almost forgot. There is a kid sitting at ringside in a wheelchair just begging to get run over. And it almost happens as they start a highspot train right where this kid is parked. Darling suplexes Storm to the floor. Darling hits a tope con hilo that misses the kid by inches. Inferno Kid then does this outta control thingy that was supposed to be a plancha and the only thing that saves the kid in the wheelchair was the fact that the Master jumps in front of him and takes the force of the plancha. Storm swings a chair at people for effect but not much else. He goes for the Misawa Driver but Darling reverses it into a tombstone on the chair. Kid does something sloppy and Storm hits a split-legged moonsault to shut up him up for a while. Well, we have had an extend period of wrestling so lets have some nonsense. Storm sets up chairs, plops Darling and Kid into them and then does the world's worst plancha into them. He goes for something else, ends up in a heap in the chairs and gets counted out. Hey, that was real clean. So we are back to Kid and Darling. It doesn't last long though as Kid blocks a Super Frankensteiner and hits a senton for the win. Boy, you know. This is a "Best of" and Darling has won one match so far. Good for him.

The Misfits vs. The Extremists

The Misfits are Derrick Domino and Harley Lewis and this is my first time seeing them. This match was taken from the Third Annual Gilbert Memorial. They even have Mark Curtis has the ref. There is a whole lotta nonsense between Jim Cornette and some other fat guy who is managing the Misfits. So that should give you a big clue that this is booked 19 ways till Sunday. I remember a lot of Cornette STICK work and the use of the tennis racket at the end. The Extremists win. Yippee! I not going back to watch the match either. I'm sure you can get a copy of this whole card if you really want to.

Find yourself a copy of the three way. The rest you can leave at home. There are a lot better Ace Darling matches out there to put on a tape. Oh well.

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ARSION Startist 1999
(SCHNEIDER)

Mika Akino v. Yumi Fukawa

Akino is the unpushed member of the ARSION rookie class and this was basically a squash, with Akino

getting in some dropkicks and roll ups but not much else. Yumi gets the win with a sweet trapped arm

fisherman's suplex which she floated over into a cross-arm breaker. I am a big Yumi fan and it kind of sucked

to see her wasted in this match. Akino might be good in a year or so.

Fabby Apache v. Lady Metal

This is match 784 of there best of 1765 series, as they match up on every ARSION show. Because they have

wrestled each other so much, they have ironed out some of the big flaws in their standard match. Where as

they used to blow a metric ton of spots, they have moved up to pedestrian, which is actually a big

improvement on their previously abysmal work. Fabby actually hits a nice armdrag, Metal takes a couple of

mid-range bumps and wins with the inverted Niebla lock, which was chock full of Luchaifc preposterousness.

I would never want to see it again, but it actually wasn't horrible

Mari Apache v. Reggie Bennett

This was quite the pleasant surprise as Reggie continues her streak of ruling it and Mari shows she is damn

better then her ARSION Mexico brethren. This was kind of a lucha flavored Vader v. Takada (although it

wasn't as good as their matches, but few things are) . Mari started the fun with a drop kick and a great no

hands tope-con-hilo. When they got back into the ring Reggie controlled her on the mat using her size. Mari's

offense consisted of quick lucha roll-ups and a couple of attempts at arm bars, while Reggie went for

submissions and hits some big powermoves. The end was pretty great as Reggie hit a big powerbomb for a

two count, and went for the 747 top rope splash (Reggie has that whole redneck biker chick thing going for

her, she looks like she might be the hog queen in the One Man Gangs motorcycle crew), Mari moved out of

the way, and tried a moonsault which Reggie dodged, then Bennet hit two awesome rotation powerbombs for

the KO victory. Reggie has turned into quite the worker, and she succeeded in making the smaller Apache

look credible, while still keeping her invincible aura. Mari looks like the keeper out of the ARSION Mexico

crew, as she has the bigger highspots, and a more varied offense than Flabby or Metal.

Rie Tamada v. Michiko Ohmukai

This was a very ArSION style match, with both ladies taking straight to the mat. Neither girl is a particular

favorite of mine, although both are fine professional wrestlers. Ohmukai hit some nasty kicks in this match,

although about a third of her kicks were still whiffs. Tamada should really cut out the highflying, because she

tends to blow a bunch of stuff. They had the sweet Dragon Suplex by Tamada into the Tiger Suplex by

Michiko before they went BROADWAY. The first part of the match was sort of mediocre and tentative, but

they really kicked it in during the last part. Pretty okay stuff.

Ayako Hamada v. Candy Okutsu

Ayako is the 17 year old daughter of the god-like Gran Hamada, and is the new late-night queen for all the

school girl fetish, hand cream, midnight chokers out there (Ray Duffy... Ray Duffy I am looking in your

direction) . Candy Okutsu is sporting the new way pink hairstyle, very post Beat Street Blondie. This is

Hamada's debut match, and you can tell she is getting a push, because she gets loads of offense in, including

the Hamada family swinging DDT, and some nice armdrags. This match is straight lucha, which Okutsu is

good at, so it doesn't suck like most of her ARSION matches. Candy gets the win, but Hamada was the star,

she looked damn good for a rookie and should be something special.

Mikiko Futagami v. Mariko Yoshida

These two might be the best mat wrestlers in ARSION, Futagami is the woman of 1000 holds, and has

underwent a big transformation since she was random stick wielding heel in LLPW. Mariko Yoshida used to

be the anonymous drop kicking face, with the horrible pillbox hat with feather in AJW, she got rid of the hat

and the dropkicks and now is a super shootstyle mat wrestler. She now sports a leather spiderweb outfit

which is the Way, she also has the redneck braid (cue long winded DEAN story about gymnast girlfriend who

drove a Kharman Ghia ... GLOOORY DAAAYS) , and the sweetest ass in Joshie Puroresu. The match itself was a little disappointing, as it was only 8 minutes long, and Yoshida sort of blew her monkey flip armbar, still plenty of mat goodness, with a pair of boss Kappo kicks from Futagami. I was expecting great and I got damn good, still well worth checking out.

MIKE NAIMARK'S WORLD OF SHOOOOOT (NAIMARK)

@!
Greetings, salutations, and word to Dean's mother (and that word would be, "dermatitis")! Once again your dedicated public servants at Death Valley Driver-Foghat have probed the globe to locate the finest in athletic competition (while the slovenly public servants in the Hollandaise sham probe their own nether regions, one fetid finger at a time. They really should use latex gloves for such self-examination, but I guess since it ain't my keyboard they type on, I shouldn't care). Today we'll journey back into Brazil, where the girlies are so fly I'd eat the peanuts out of their shit, and I don't like peanuts. But this is no social visit, you can bet on that! The final round of Universal Vale Tudo Fighting is about to begin, so lets separate the wanna-bes from the straight-up G's mano-a-mano in a steel cage, the way god intended it to be!

When we last left our intrepid combatants.....Carlao Barreto had just finished delivering an extended drubbing to blubberpot Geezer Kalman, while Dan Bobish is coming off of an easy knockout win over The Brazilian Peter McNeely. In the other bracket, Mark Coleman's wrestling protege, Kevin Randleman, outlasted a double-tough BJJ stud named Ebenezer Braga, and Mario Sucata made "Big Daddy" Goodridge beg for mercy. The semi-final round is underway; can Carlao withstand the awesome power of Bobish? Does Mario Sucata have enough skill to fend off the awesome offensive assault of Kevin Randleman? Can those ring girls get any more naked? Lets find the answers to these, oh-so-pressing questions!

Carlao Barreto v Dan Bobish

After 10 seconds of tentative circling, Baretto shoots - right into Dan Bobish's big-assed fist! Barreto is literally knocked straight on his ass by a crisp left jab, and Bobish quickly leaps on the fallen Brazilian and starts flailing away with powerful strikes. Bobish works his way to the side mount and lands more right hand blows to Barlao's noggin'. After absorbing some stiff shots, Barreto finally manages to scoot his Speedo-clad

keester into the guard, but Bobish is wayyyy to high in the guard and still scores with punches and a couple of forearms. Barreto is busting his butt to defend himself, but Bobish is so freakin' big (300lbs) that mere technique just ain't enough! Barreto has a nice gash over his right eye (probably from that first jab; Dr Mike estimates 10-15 stitches), but Bobish has a huge heaving gut. Bobish flails away with more punches in the guard, but he's clearly losing steam. After a particularly girlish miss, Barreto expends a mighty heave and manages to push the hefty American off him and clamber to his feet. They grapple standing, with Cariao grabbing the single-leg and Bobish hopping comically back to the safety of the corner. They exchange body shots, Bobish's fists versus Cariao's kneestrikes, until Bobish pushes off the corner and spears Barreto, ending up in the guard. This time Barreto keeps his foe low in the guard, landing some crisp punches to the noggin before a failed attempt at an armlock. Barreto has Bobish totally befuddled with the way he's using his legs to control the bigger man on top. You know, just like Royce Gracie did in all those UFC wins, but don't worry Dan, I'm sure you can clobber him in the bench press. Bobish does what most wrestlers do when they're getting schooled in the guard; he drives forward with his legs and ends up pushing Cariao's head under the bottom ropes. The ref calls for a break and restart, but Bobish just can't resist the chance for a quick cheap shot and lands a right-hand smack as he stands. Barreto sees his smack and raises him a big kick to the side of the head that knocks Bobish on his McDonald's eatin' ass. The crowd hoots and cheers! The restart sees a quick grapple with Bobish winging wild arm-punches (missing, of course). Barreto just grabs his foe and drops to his back, placing Bobish back in the guard. Barreto with a few punches, but his legs are moving up to near Bobish's shoulders. Gasping for air, Bobish probably doesn't even notice that Barreto's left leg has now hooked around the back of his neck. With the speed of a ferret on barbiturates (which is probably twice as fast as he needed to be), Barreto grabs Bobish's left hand and locks his legs - its the dreaded TRIANGLE CHOKE OF DEATH (that sankuku jitame for you hardcore types)! One of the most powerful submissions from the guard, the triangle choke makes quick work of Bobish, who taps like a spastic. Shoulda watched that Gracie v Severn fight, eh Danny-boy? Your winner in this match, and heading to finals for all the marbles, CARLAO BARRETO!

Mario Sucata v Kevin Randleman

Winner gets Barreto in the finals, lucky dog. Sucata opens with a quick shoot, which Randleman neatly counters with a smooth hip-throw. Full point! Randleman works hard on the ground, going from being in Sucata's full guard to his half-guard, finally to a side-mount. Sucata flips onto his stomach, drawing loud "ooohhh" from the Brazilian crowd. Randleman prepares

to throw a right hand at Sucata's nugget, but Mario scoots his ass under the bottom rope, forcing a restart. Back in the ring, Sucata throws some weak leg kicks that either miss or bounce hamlessly off of Randleman's freakishly buffed thighs. Both men are tentative and circle for several minutes. Sucata finally forces a grapple and Randleman once again hip-throws him to the ground and ends up in the guard again. Sucata does a good job using his legs to keep Randleman low, and throws a few punches and elbows while the American works feverishly to move up to safer ground. The camera cuts to ringside, where that neckless loudmouth Mark Coleman is screaming at, er, everybody. Fist at the referee, then at one of the people on the ring apron, then at someone in the crowd. Looks like Coleman has 'rabbit ears' to go with his rhino neck. Back in the ring, Randleman uses his power advantage to get the side mount, which forces Sucata to scoot back into the corner and prop himself up on the corner buckle. Randleman tries a head and neck crank, but can't get the leverage. Sucata rolls over and catches a knee to the head before recapturing guard, but this time Randleman is high in the guard and throws more nasty leather than you'll find at "The Manhole" on "Open Orifice Night"; some big rights, and Sucata is bleeding badly from a gash above his right eye. Randleman continues to throw strikes at Sucata, and the Brazilian is weathering the storm poorly. His guard collapses like a toilet under John Popper's bloated ass (actually happened in Atlanta; Popper was unable to stand and had to call for security to lift his fat keester from the wet floor), and Randleman is all over him with punches. Unable to withstand the pounding, Sucata taps. Winner by submission, KEVIN RANDLEMAN!

Final Match - Cariao Barreto v Kevin Randleman

450lbs in the ring and less fat on display than you'll find in one tiny cup of Hollandaise; make of that what you will. The men circle in the center of the ring, and Barreto throws a weak leg kick which misses. And again. And again. Now Barreto switches gears and throws a left jab, which misses. And again. And again. Randleman circles and slowly cuts off the ring, showing more boxing acumen than Barreto without throwing a single punch. Randleman shoots with a waistlock and drives Barreto into the corner where they slow-dance for several minutes while the loudspeaker plays the Brazilian equivalent of Barry White. Randleman tires of Barreto's lecherous hands on his booty, and backs off to the center of the ring. Barreto goes back to missing jabs and whip kicks until Randleman counters a kick with a winging right hook, and follows up by shooting and driving Cariao to the corner. Some tactless flurrying in the corner from both men, and it's time to step back into the center of the ring. Randleman shoots quickly and again drives the taller Brazilian to the corner with a waistlock. After trying to escape, Barreto finally shrugs and leaps into the air, wrapping his legs

around Kevin and dragging him to the ground like someone's unnamed girlfriend after a couple of Jaegermeister shots. Sadly, in Randleman's case, this could only be described as getting "unlucky". Barreto uses his legs and feet to keep Randleman way down in the guard, where Kevin can't hit him, but he's free to drop elbows and punches at will. Barreto throws 5 or 6 short lefts, not powerful punches, but still no fun at all. Randleman ducks his head to protect himself, and probably never notices that the long, tapered legs of Barreto are creeping up near his shoulders. Before you can say, "Train hard, say your prayers, and inject your vitamins", Barreto has Randleman's neck trapped. The announcers are going crazy - "Triangulo!" Triangulo indeed! Barreto cranks down on the neck, and Randleman is in a world of trouble. He hasn't tapped, but his movements are sluggish, and if he wasn't Stevie Ray's shade of ebony, he'd probably be purple. After 30 or so seconds, Randleman is almost limp and the referee stops the fight. Barreto leaps up in jubilation, while Randleman weakly protests that he was just waiting for the ideal moment to rip Carlao's leg out of the hip or something. The winner of the match, and your UVF CHAMPEEN after rolling through 3 American wrestlers! CARLAO BARRETO!

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CMLL TV 3/10/98

(The Other Phil)

I arbitrarily picked a week out to do. This week one because of the presence of Fishman.

Violencia/Blue Panther/Scorpio Jr. vs. Angel Azteca/El Fantasma/Negro Casas

I quickly glance up and I swear that the picture they show of Scorpio Jr. has him kissing his bicep. Oh well. Azteca and Violencia start off and do nothing. Scorpio Jr. and Casas then come in and it turns into the rudo beatdown with Blue Panther working over anyone who falls out of the ring. Scorpio Jr. and Violencia work on the folks in the ring. Soon Blue Panther trades places with Scorpio Jr. and Fantasma is the unfortunate soul who takes most of the pounding. Azteca fails to make the save and turns into the tecnico in peril. I wish I could report that there was more happening than punching and kicking but there isn't. Casas finally recovers and hits the ring as the techincos regain control. Everyone then just stops. Hey it's a lucha staring contest. Blue Panther and Azteca start the armdrag sequence with Panther making Azteca look great. Casas hits a la magistral on Violencia to gain a pinfall but Panther and Scorpio Jr. choke him with his own arms and the rudos are awarded the first caida. See Casas is the captain so the rudos ah nevermind. Rudo beatdown continues through the commercial break and into the second caida. And it lasts for a while. Casas hulks up and the momentum swings again. It seems as Casas and Fantasma don't want to do

anything as they let Azteca through a big batch of dropkicks while they lounge in the corner. Casas does an assisted plancha for the match's one highspot. Meanwhile, Scorpio locks on the reverse boston crab and Panther applies the SWANK standing figure-four thingy and the rudos take the match two falls to none.

Black Warrior vs. SHOCKER

Man, not only does Black Warrior have the boss symmetrical orange and black mask working tonight but he's got the kilt to die for. That's a combo that I want to strive for. LUCHA MATWORK BABY!!!! Learn to love it. They do this thingy and then that thingy, that probably don't really hurt but really look cool. Simple breakdown is SHOCKER works on the arm. Black Warrior is working the legs. Then for shits and giggles, Warrior moves up to the arm. This goes on for 10 odd minutes and the Warrior kills himself with the Psychosis bump (or would it be Psychosis kills himself with the Black Warrior bump). Anyway, its the one were you kick the guys legs out as he is running to the ropes and he lands straight on his head. Goofy lucha submission #1 follows and SHOCKER is up one caida to none. Violencia, the great second that he is, gives Warrior CPR as we head to the commercial break. The second caida is joined in progress it seems as we pick it up with Warrior hitting a series of german suplexes. Goofy submission # 2 follows and Black Warrior evens thinks up. Hey there is a kid with a Blue Panther mask in the crowd, solidly behind Black Warrior. Raising him young. God bless the Mexicans. The third caida starts with Warrior still in control. He hits an over the shoulder powerbomb as he continues to target the back. SHOCKER answers with a rana outta nowhere that gets a 2 7/8 count. Warrior quebrada for two. He misses a second. SHOCKER tries a la magistral but that only gets two. Warrior goes for something from the top but gets dropkicked right in the mush. That opens the door for a SHOCKER! tope con hilo which was super sweet as SHOCKER waited till the last second to rotate. They tease a countout but Warrior sneaks back in time. Warrior goes back to SHOCKER's back and a surfboard isn't enough to do the job. SHOCKER victory roll doesn't work either. This third caida rules. Warrior takes a ridiculous bump as he misses the charge in the corner and puts his knee on the top rope and launches himself to the floor. Dear sweet Black Warrior may he continue to kill himself for my entertainment. A SHOCKER plancha makes things even bleaker for Warrior but he makes his final comeback by finally hitting the missile dropkick. He follows that up the top rope rana and the standing figure four thingy that Blue Panther did in the last match. Ladies and Gentleman, we have a new NWA Light Heavyweight champion. BLACK WARRIOR. You want to see all of this match.

Rey Bucanero/Fishman/Karloff Lagarde Jr. vs. Felino/Tigre Blanco/Ultimo Dragon

Let me tell you about a wrestling secret. Whenever an announcer describes a wrestler as a "double tough veteran" it is a nice way to say that HE STINKS. The one exception is Dick Slater. Anyway, Fishman is a double tough veteran, so it is painful to watch any of his matches but at least I didn't have to watch the horror live like Schneider did. Hey, Ultimo Dragon has the great Mexican flag tights going. That pretty much is the extent of this match. Fishman stinks. Ultimo Dragon outfit rules. There was either something in the water or the presence of Fishman made everyone really sluggish as everything moves really slowly and nothing is really good. I guess my standards are still high from the last match.

Cien Caras/Universo 2000/Mascara 2000 vs Atlantis/Brazo de Plata/Rayo De Jalisco

Boy the wrestling really went down hill after that SHOCKER/Black Warrior match. The entire first caida is just a giant rudo punchathon and trust me, it ain't good. Neither is the second caida which is more of the same. Brazo really frightens me by gasping for breath so badly I thought we were going to have another Lucha death. Okay, the rudos lost one fall for being excessive but I don't know which one. The third caida has Rey De Jalisco with his mask ripped off and Brazo doing the world's lowest altitude splash. Okay I can't take anymore of this match. You guys can watch the rest if you want.

-----Singles Gettin' Lucky-----

WORLD COMBAT CHAMPIONSHIP

Jerry Flynn v Fred Floyd
(NAIMARK)

Yep, THAT Jerry Flynn, WCW jobber extraordinaire and drunk-driver! Back in 1995, Flynn looked identical to his current incarnation, save the presence of that gawdawful "mullet" haircut that Ernest Miller thankfully severed. Longtime Friends of Foghat will remember the 340lb Fred "The Mangler" Floyd from his ability to catch multiple punches with his face against Igor Vovchanchin in the International Fighting Championships in Kiev. Prior to the match, they show a vignette with Flynn training in...his apartment? Who remembers the old days of wrestling-mag "apartment wrestling" Ah, for the days when a jailbait Nancy "Woman" Daus used to pull hair and grimace against "Lady Vixen" on the pages of Inside Wrestling. Anyways, the match starts and Fred Floyd is a house of fire! Well, maybe a house of warm blubber, but that's enough! He swarms Flynn and throws wild, flinging punches with both hands, several of which connect! Flynn gets smothered in

a flabby waistlock and taken to his back. Floyd continues to flail away, realizing that if the match goes more than 3 minutes, he's screwed anyway. Flynn tries desperately to defend, but he lacks the groundfighting skills to rebuke the assault of a guy who outweighs him by 100+ lbs. Flynn finally flips over to his stomach, which is a safe move against a plodding no-talent like Floyd. In a sudden burst of energy, Flynn manages to reverse his position, scooting out from under Floyd's gelatinous bulk and taking HIS back! Will Flynn go for the rear-naked choke? The elbow strikes to the back of the head? The MulletSault? No, for some bizarre reason, Flynn wants to reach all the way over Floyd's bloated carcass and grab a wrist. His balance thrown off, Flynn is easily shrugged off of the bulbous Floyd and finds himself exactly where he doesn't want to be - with a big fat sweaty meatball on top of him, throwing punches. Poor Jerry eats more strikes, gets his arm twisted in a hilariously butchered keylock, and finally taps out. Once again, Jerry Flynn proves why he is the best jobber in pro-wrestling today! Even in a shoot, he's totally focused on making his opponent look good! That's the "Eye of the Jobber" for ya!

Stan Hansen + Danny Spivey v. Blackhearts
March 1993
(SCHNEIDER)

Ouch, Stan Hansen lays a Hansen sized beating on the white faced indy stars. The highlight was Hansen smashing a chair on the back of Apocalypse head, which busted him open legit in the back of the skull leaving the choice blood on the black mask visual. Hansen then decapitates both Blackhearts with the kind of lariets only he can throw. This was one hell of a squash match, one of the nastier beatings I have ever seen. They must have spit in Hansen's chili.

NHB Stickfighting!
(NAIMARK)

Two men, two sticks, no rules. Sounds like a recipe for some brutal beatings, eh? From a handheld video taped somewhere in California, the "Dog Brothers" have organized this event to demonstrate their stickfighting prowess and all-around testicular fortitude. I'm breathless with anticipation for some serious stick wackin', when the first two competitors come out for a fight. Both men wear fencing-style facemasks and huge padded gloves on the hand they hold the stick in. And the stick? About the size of your average Guido's hairbrush. Must be a "training stick". In a hilarious spectacle, these two young guys vainly try to strike each other

with their tiny weapons, using intricate footwork and feints in hopes of landing that big stick strike. The only way this "weapon" could hurt anybody is if you choked on it or had it inserted in an unwilling orifice. Sadly, neither event occurs, and for 5-7 minutes, these rubes dance around and flail in a bizarre parody of actual combat. The coolest thing about this fight is the neat Bali drums that are played as background music. Later in the event, when the "adults" come out to fight with their REAL baseball-bat sized sticks, the tempo of the drums will change to reflect the tempo of the fight, but for now they might as well be playing kazoos. The 'referee' finally announces that the fight has ended in a draw, which drew peels of laughter from myself and the handful of friends that watched the tape with me. This was such a farce that I almost didn't bother watching the rest of the tape, which would have been a mistake. Still, for those of you out there who want to learn how to fight with a stick, apparently you can practice with the cardboard tube from the inside of a discarded paper towel roll. And then you can pretend you're a pirate spying for hidden treasure! ARGH Matey!

All Japan Classic - Davey Boy Smith vs. Dynamite Kid
(The Other Phil)

Cool the British Bulldogs against each other. Plus, I am a big Dynamite Kid mark because he was Chris Benoit before Benoit was around. Neither guy was roided out too much, in fact Davey looks down right small. Smith has a goofy looking beard that Dynamite tries to beat off of him. He just stretches the fuck out of Smith, all the while introducing his fist and elbow to various parts of Smith's anatomy. Smith meanwhile knows how to wrestle at this point in time and the FedEx man had not paid him a visit. It gets really weird because Smith gets all agile and nimble as he does all this aerial stuff you never saw him do again. The press slam and the running powerslam are still in the repertoire but there is so much more. His conditioning isn't that great because he relies on his friend Mr. Chinlock a great deal but he was still damn good throughout the match. I mean Smith does a missile dropkick and his first and last tope. The tope ruled because you could tell Smith had no idea what he was doing, flinging himself through the ropes, praying someone breaks his fall. After the missile dropkick, Smith hits a crossbody that sends both guys crashing to the floor. They do some brawling and Dynamite hits a German suplex. He then sneaks into the ring to get the countout win. Cheap ending but a really good match. You wanna see this.

Axl Rotten v. Mark "The Shark" Shrader
MEWF 1996ish
(SCHNEIDER)

This is from the precursor to Axl Rotten's vile Maryland Championship Wrestling, and has the same cast of
crappy characters. This is for Axl's MEWF title and is the first shot for the light-heavyweight Shrader.

Because of the stringent Maryland Athletic Commission Axl can't use his usual offense, ie. hit someone with a
chair, and bleed like a stuck hog, so he has to mat wrestle like a stuck hog, actually having a decent exchange

with Shrader. This must have been before Shrader got his lung amputated, or started smoking unfiltered

Camel's, because he doesn't blow up two minutes into the match like usual. I was actually digging this before

the requisite overbooking, as the feculent Jeff Jones puts down the "Big Cocks" magazine and the bottle of

baby oil, comes out of his mother's basement and inserts his nose (a nose liberally flaked with Corporal

Punishment's feces) into the proceedings. Jones hits a sub-WCCW chairshot, and Axl gets the pin. Okay for

a minute, but the appeal of this little federation still escapes me.

Dean Rassmussen Braying Jackass

The education continues, this time we get a deep look into the porculent Rassmussen's dark soul.

Death Valley Driver B1

"-Latin Lover is everything that Winner's wants to be and he is good in the ring- sort of a face Rick Rude. I

could see him getting over big in the US big two. Ditto for El Valodor."

I can just see the grisly smirk on Dean's cheetos stained face as he, salivates over the tiny pants of Latin

Lover. LL does his dance and Dean reaches for the Jergen's lotion and the box of CVS brand facial tissues,

and does his dance of one. Anyone who has seen Latin Lover "wrestle" knows his appeal lies not in the ring,

but in the dreams of sad lonely men with lots of lucha tapes.

Next Time, the rumored Superstars on the Superstation, the rumored Gary Goodridge nutathon, and the

rumored IWRG Lucha (SUPER PAYASOS, better then regular PAYASOS) Thus concludes our installment

of the only REAL Death Valley Driver you'll ever need. Forget the bombast, the egoism, the farcical "Three Fists Pumping the Genitals of Wrestling" that characterize the impostors and wannabes on the internet. At DVD-Foghat, we promise and deliver what you the educated fan deserve: three men, three viewpoints, and one goal - to deliver the best from the world of combat sports and professional wrestling to you, dear reader. Because you deserve nothing less than the best, Foghat style.

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